



The Tombs in Westminster Abbey, As Sung by Brother Popplewell in the manner of Chanting in a Cathedral.

HERE lies William of Valence, a right good Earl of
Pembroke, (book,
And this is his monument which you see I'll swear upon a
He was earl marshall of England, when Henry the third did
reign,

About five hundred years a-go, but never will be so again.
Here the Lord Talbot lies, the Town of Shrewsbury's earl
Together with his countess fair who was a most delicate girl
Next to him there lieth one Sir Richard Peckshall hight,

Of whom we only this do say that he was a Hampshire Knight
Here lies the third King Edward's brother, of whom our
records tell, (or Hell;

Nothing of note, nor say they whether they be in Heaven
But Cornwall's Earl; and here's one died because he could
live no longer,

Now think your penny well spent good folks and that you're
not beguil'd (labor's child,

Within this cup doth lie the heart of a French Ambassador

But how the devil it came to pass, on purpose or by chance

The bowels they lie underneath, but the body is in France.

Here lies Oxford Countess, and there also the lady Burleigh

her mother, (one another;

And here her Daughter a countess too, lie close by

These once were bonny dames, and though there were no
coaches then, (by the men.

Yet cou'd they jog their tails themselves, or get them jogg'd

Oh! who is me thole high born sinners, that now do pray

so stoutly, (devoutly;

Living they never pray'd at all, yet their statutes pray

This a monument which you see, I'd have you t' understand,

It is o' a virtuous lady fair who died of a prick in her hand.

In this fair monument which you see, adorneed with so many

pillars, (George Villiers;

Doth lie the countess of Buckingham, and her husband Sir

This old Sir George was Grandfather, and the Countess she

was Gran y, (King James;

Here lies Sir Robert Eatam to a Scottish Knight, this man was

secretary, (Queen Mary

He scribbles compliments for two Queens, Queen Ann and

This same was Mary Queen of Scots, whom Buchanan doth

so bespatter,

She lost her head at Fotheringay, whatever was the matter.

Henry the seventh lies here entomb'd, with his fair Queen

beside him,

He was the founder of this Chapel, Oh! may no ill betide him

And here they stand upright in a press, with their bodies made

of wax, (their backs.

A globe and a wand in either hand, and their robes upoh

To another Chapel now come we, the people follow and chat,

This is the Lady Cottington, the people cry who's that;

Why Sir Thomas Bromley lieth here, Death wou'd not him

reprise, (alive.

With his four sons, and daughters four, that once were all

Here lies Sir John Fullerton and that is his Lady I trow,

And that is Sir John Pickering whom none of you did know.

Here lies the earl of Torrington, the world ne'er saw a madder

His Countess fair she lies beside him, and now you go up a ladder

Richard the second lies here entomb'd, with his fair Queen,

Queen Ann, (man,

Edward the third lies here hard by, and he was a gallant

This is the sword of John of Gaunt, a blade both true and

trusty; (look for rusty.

The Frenchman's blood was ne'er wiped off, which makes it

Harry the fifth lies here entomb'd with his fair Queen, Queen

Eleanor, (knew before,

To our fifth Edward she was wife that's more than you

Now down the ladder come we again, the man goe first with

a staff,

Two or three tumble down stairs, and all the people laugh.

Sir Robert Vere lies here entomb'd, who the Spaniards hides

so curried, (buried,

Four colonels brave support his tomb, and here his body's

That statue up against the wall with one eye, is Major general

Norris,

He bang'd the French most cruelly, as affirm'd in stories:

Here lies Sir John Holles, who was a Major General,

To Sir John Morris that brave blade, and now you may de-

part all,

For now the show is at an end, all things are done and said,

The Citizens pay for their wives, and the Apprentices kiss the

Maids.